

HYMNS

Glory Be to Jesus

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1 Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who in bit - ter pains
2 Grace and life e - ter - nal In that blood I find;
3 Blest through end - less a - ges Be the pre - cious stream
4 A - bel's blood for ven - geance Plead - ed to the skies;



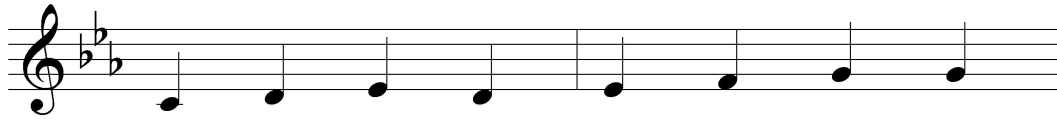
Poured for me the life - blood From His sa - cred veins!
Blest be His com - pas - sion, In - fi - nite - ly kind!
Which from end - less tor - ment Did the world re - deem!
But the blood of Je - sus For our par - don cries.

5 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

6 Lift we, then, our voices,
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious blood!

*Text: Italian, c. 18th cent.;
tr. Edward Caswall, 1814-78, alt.
Tune: Friedrich Filitz, 1804-76
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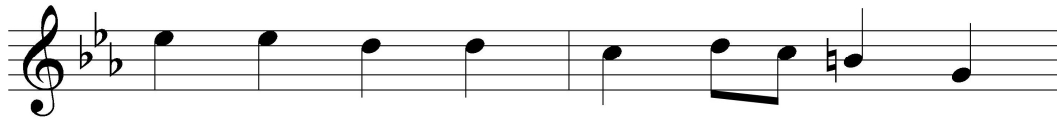
In the Garden I Betrayed Him



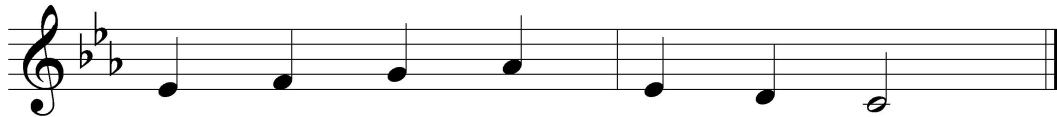
1 In the gar - den I be - trayed Him,
 2 Sa - tan's prom - is - es proved hol - low,
 3 For such lord - ly price I sold Him—
 4 I de - served the judg - ment law - ful:



There I turned from God to sin;
 Slan - d'ring God with ev - 'ry breath;
 Thir - ty piec - es for a slave!—
 "Cursed the one hung on a tree."



For His good - ness I re - paid Him
 Yet his lies, like fruit, I swal - low.
 Yet to death He goes— be - hold Him!—
 Je - sus bore my bur - den aw - ful,



Seek - ing my own god with - in.
 My god's way leads but to death.
 Will - ing - ly my soul to save.
 Cru - ci - fied to set me free.

5 Though the crafty Foe still try me,
 Jesus shall His Help afford.
 For Him God will ne'er deny me,
 Woman's Seed, the Man, the LORD!

△ 6 For Christ's great, heroic merit,
 Praise to You shall e'er ascend,
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 God of mercy without end!

Text: Michael A. Penikis, b. 1964
Tune: Neues geistreiches Gesangbuch, Halle, 1705
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Lord, Support Us All Day Long

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1 Lord, sup - port us all day long, Guide and strength - en.
2 Be our light in dark - ness, Lord, Our de - fend - er;
3 With Your pres - ence, Lord, draw near Those who la - bor
4 Gra - cious Lord, we give You thanks, Praise and bless You,



Eve - ning comes, the world is hushed, Shad - ows length - en,
In Your pres - ence per - ils all Must sur - ren - der.
Through the night - time on be - half Of their neigh - bor.
As the giv - er of all good We con - fess You.



Work is done, life's fe - vered pace Now has end - ed;
Drive all dark sa - tan - ic snares From each dwell - ing;
Grant them cour - age for each fear, Faith - ful car - ing;
This past day we now com - mit To Your keep - ing



Christ, to You, our fi - nal rest Is com - mend - ed.
Then, at peace, our hearts Your praise Will be tell - ing.
Your com - pas - sion and Your love Tru - ly shar - ing.
And en - trust to You the hours Of our sleep - ing.

Text: Stephen P. Starke, b. 1955

Tune: Joseph D. Jones, 1827-70, alt.

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